

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST—Jefferson.

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## The Popular Creed.

BY CHARLES SHIRAS.

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!  
If a man is down, give him a thrust—  
Trample the beggar into the dust!  
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—  
Knock him over! kick him for falling!  
If a man is up, O! lift him higher!  
Your soul's for sale and he's a buyer—  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor, but a worthy youth,  
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,  
But the maiden will break her vows with ease,  
For a wooer cometh whose claims are these—  
A hollow heart, and an empty head,  
A face well tinged with brandy red,  
A soul well trained in villany's school—  
And Cash—sweet Cash—he knoweth the rule:  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold, and an honest man,  
Who strives to live on the Christian plan,  
But poor he is, and poor will be,  
A scorned and hated wretch is he;  
At home he meeteth a starving wife,  
Abroad he leadeh the leper's life—  
They struggle against a fearful odds  
Who will not bow to the people's gods!  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!  
"No questions asked" of the rich I trow—  
Steal by night, and steal by day,  
(Doing it all in a legal way)  
Join the Church and never forsake her,  
Learn to cant and insult your Maker;  
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,  
But dont be poor!—remember the rule:  
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!  
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

## I Wouldn't, Would You?

I wouldn't give much for a girl with a bonnet  
That cost fifty dollars when first it was new,  
Who sports a large muff with a hairy tail on it,  
That hangs down in front of it, just as it grew;  
I wouldn't give much for this female—  
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for a woman who prances,  
Promenading all the thoroughfares through;  
Giving winks to the clerks, or else amorous glances,  
Enough to turn her eyes all askew;  
I wouldn't give much for this female—  
Would you?

The following has since been sent us, by a lady, in reply:

## I Wouldn't, Would You?

I wouldn't give much for a chap who has "gone it,"  
Till he's run every cent of his legacy thro',  
Whose simpering chin has a huge goatee on it,  
That hangs down upon it, just as it grew;  
I wouldn't give much for this fellow—  
Would you?

I wouldn't give much for a chap with a collar  
That's made to stand up almost over his ears;  
Who wears white kid gloves that cost over a dollar,  
And a coat that belongs to some knight of the shears;  
I wouldn't give much for this fellow—  
Would you?

—Boston Post

## The Elephant's Strength.

The strength of an elephant is equal to its bulk, for it can, with great ease, draw a load that six horses cannot move; it can readily carry upon its back three thousand pounds weight; upon its tusk alone it can support near a thousand. Its force may be also estimated by the velocity of its motion compared with the mass of its body. It can go in its ordinary pace as fast as a horse at an easy trot, and when pushed it can move as swiftly as a horse at full gallop. It can travel with ease fifty or sixty miles a day, and when hard pushed almost double that distance.

## Mechanical Ingenuity.

Mr. William Preston, second-hand maker at Mr. Tobias's, watchmaker, Liverpool, has succeeded in drilling a hole through a sixpence edgewise.—The skill and ingenuity displayed in this extraordinary task may be conceived when we state that the diameter of the hole in the coin is the four thousandth part of an inch in size, and sufficient to admit a fine hair. The instrument with which the hole was drilled is as fine as a small bristle, and quite as pliable.

## The Baronet's Story.

About four months after my marriage it was my want, each morning after breakfast, to stroll about my garden until, perhaps, one o'clock, at which hour I returned home to enjoy my wife's society, and, when the weather permitted, we occasionally took a walk or ride.

One morning, feeling myself not quite well, I returned earlier than usual, about 11 o'clock, and went into the house by a back entrance; as neither knocking or ringing announced my arrival, my wife was not aware of my return.

I sought her first in the drawing-room, but not finding her there, proceeded to her bed-room, and, while passing through my dressing-room, to it, I was surprised by a sudden rush to the bed-room door, which was instantly bolted from within. I distinctly heard a low whispering, and, as I thought a hurried receding step; yet altogether I was not kept waiting more than a few seconds; my wife's maid opened the door, when, to my greater perplexity, I beheld my wife's usually pale face suffused with crimson blushes; I also detected her maneuvering a comb through her hair, to hide as I instantly suspected, her blushes from me, or her disordered curls.

"What is the meaning of all this," thought I; "it is strange! The maid, too, looks confused and frightened."

My wife did not hasten to meet me with her usual sunny welcome; there was not even one smile to greet me. At length, recovering herself a little, she, with a hesitating manner, said—"Well, love, how goes on the farm?"

But I was grieved; for the first time in my life, I felt that I was not welcome. I felt something was going on that I was not to know; so, merely saying—"I will tell you when we meet in the drawing-room," I abruptly quitted her.

Not knowing whether I was going, or why I suffered so sudden, so frightful a revolution of feeling, I hurried down stairs, rushed through the hall, across the lawn, and plunged into the fir-path that leads to a sequestered part of the grounds; nor, did I slacken my pace until I was fully a mile from the house, when I threw myself upon the green bank by the side of the river, the most miserable of men. I, who, one half-hour before, was the happiest of men, now, unaccountably unutterably wretched.

Pride had, at the moment, prevented my asking for an explanation; that, I thought, ought to have been given unsought; and I determined not ask Lady—why my visit was evidently so unwelcome.

But, thenceforth, I resolved to keep a watchful eye upon her. A thousand cruel thoughts crowded upon me, now that I discovered there was something which my wife concealed from me; she—whom I thought so artless, so free from all duplicity.

At this period I had attained my thirtieth year. Lady—was only two years younger than myself; but, from her sweet and girlish style of beauty, and gay, happy manner, no one would suppose her more than twenty. She had been educated on the Continent. I knew that, soon after leaving school, she had received matrimonial proposals—if she had not been actually engaged to a gentleman—before quitting Paris. Hitherto, this circumstance had never given me the slightest uneasiness; but now my thoughts involuntarily reverted to it; it haunted me day and night.

Between my wife and her maid there was an unusual intimacy, owing as I understood, to the latter being, what is called, an old follower of the family. This woman was one of the tallest I ever saw, and large in proportion; her face was handsome, the features strongly defined, her eyes large, intensely dark and penetrating; her long black ringlets looked false; in appearance you would have said that she was nearer fifty than forty. This person, with her erect figure, was taken altogether what many would pronounce a very fine woman, but somewhat masculine.

Having described my wife's maid, how shall I tell you of the horrible suspicion which seized upon my imagination!

I thought—perchance—this maid—was—her foreign lover in disguise!

And yet I did not, could not believe it, though the frightful idea never, absented itself from my brain. To hint such a thought to my beloved wife, I could never bring myself to. I strove, rather, to banish the idea from my mind, as a suggestion of Satan.

From that day I became changed, both in the outward and inward man. My happiness was gone, my naturally light and cheerful manner gave place to irritability and gloom. Time flew on, days and weeks passed without any particular occurrence, until one morning, having arranged to accompany a gentleman in the neighborhood on a fishing excursion, I informed my wife that I should not return until evening, when I would bring my friend to dinner. Immediately after breakfast, off we started in a dog-cart. We had not proceeded more than four miles, when, in turning a corner of a road, a boy, who was shooting sparrows, fired so near to the horse's head, that it took fright and dashed off at a furious gallop, nor stopped until we were upset in a ditch. We were compelled to give up our day's excursion and leaving the groom to take care of the bruised horses, my friend and I walked home, and entering the house, after conducting my friend into the drawing-room, I hastened up stairs to relate our disaster to my wife. When, as I again passed through my dressing-room, the door was again bolted, and I distinctly heard my wife say, with a faltering voice, "He is returned; we are discovered!" The scales fell from my eyes, I had

no longer any doubt, my worst fears were realized!

Oh, the agony of that moment! I staggered back, a few paces, my head reeled, my heart felt bursting, and I had well nigh fallen to the ground, when a frenzy of despair and rage seizing me, I made one rush at the door and roared for instant admittance. Agnes opened the door and stood trembling before me; her attendant flew to the farthest end of the apartment. I dashed my wife aside, shouting, "this moment quit my house;" and darting across the room, seized my rival by the throat, thundering forth, "confess all, or this instant you die."

There was a moment's pause; oh, the agony of that moment!

Pale as a corpse, Agnes stood transfixed with horror, gazing breathlessly upon the tableau before her, whilst, with supplicating accents, my victim sobbed out, "Oh! Sir, as sure as the life is in my poor body, I have nothing to confess, but—that I was plucking out mistress's grey hairs!"

## THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN.

BY MAJOR JOSEPH JONES.

Widowers should look out for breakers. Absolom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particularlest men, perhaps that ever lived, though some people said, that when his wife was alive, he used to dress as a common field hand, and didn't use to take any pains with himself at all.—Everybody noticed how he spruced up, about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no confidence in his religion, and used to say that he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning, and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmen, it ain't to be supposed that he stood any sort of a chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home; and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was or not, one thing was very certain, that he must look abroad for some one to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nipper's church, and filled his eye exactly; so he set in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride; and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning, to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone; that is, to advance the prospects of his happiness on this earth and the world to come at the same time, without losing any of his week-day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fatigue as much as his horse; but in a matter such as he had in hand it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a band-box. This was a happy expedient, and what nobody but a widower lover would think of. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of Chinkapin bushes and there make his rural toilet.

One bright Sunday morning, Mr. Nippers had arrived at this dressin' ground. It was an important occasion. Everything was promising, and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man, and he was reckoning over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change of dress.

He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, what was browsin' about making his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stompin' at such flies as were feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business this time," ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a point this time," says he, as he untied the handkerchief with his clean clothes and spread them on the saddle bow.

"Wo, Ball," ses he, "I've jist got to say the word, and—wo!" says he to his horse, what was kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you cussed old fool!—and the business is settled jist like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when Ball gave a sudden spring which like to made him loose his balance. "Wo," ses he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves, Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like rath at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all on the ground. "Blast your infernal pictur—wo, now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could get hold of 'em, Ball was off like a streak of lightning with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop the horse, but it was no use. Away went the infuriated Ball, and takin' the road he was used to travelin', another moment bring him to the house. The gates was open, and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck, hollerin', "stop him! stop him! stop him!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house, scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the wimmen to the door.

"Don't look Miss Nancy! horns! wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate agin, with the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switchin' in every direction, like a young harrycane.—Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight, (!) while his fast recedin' voice, crying, "Horns! stop him! horns!" still rang in her ears.

## Death by Music.

During a short residence in Ohio, and probably five or six years ago, I rode with a friend, from my own residence, to a town distant a few miles; and distinguished above the rest of the towns in that vicinity, by the possession of a Medical College of considerable notoriety.—The opening lecture of the winter course in this Institution was to be delivered that afternoon, and it was for the purpose of attending this, that my friend and myself had gone thither. Upon reaching the Church where the exercises were to take place, we were shown into a pew in which one other person had already seated himself; and naturally enough, I surveyed him somewhat closely. The result was, that I determined him to be an Irish gentleman, and evidently in feeble health. The services commenced with singing by a very superior choir, during which I was attracted by the enthusiasm manifested by my Irish friend—he seemed delighted with the music, and I could discover upon his pale cheek a flush of gratification which told its own story. A prayer was then offered—after which the choir performed, in a manner I have never heard excelled, that touchingly beautiful song, "My Native Land." My attention, deeply engrossed in the anthem, was arrested by a gurgling sound from the corner occupied by the gentleman before mentioned; and my feelings cannot be pictured by words when I saw a stream of blood pouring from his mouth. The rapidity with which his countenance changed from a flush to an almost ghastly pallor, was to me most astonishing; more like the flight of a momentary shadow upon the plain, when the sun which has been for an instant beneath a cloud, again shoots forth with increased power, than anything else I am able to imagine. As quickly as possible, we hurried him from the church into the open air, but ere we reached the door his spirit had departed—borne upon a breath of music to mingle in a sweeter melody on high! How strangely delightful thus to depart to Heaven!

Upon enquiry I learned that he had been for some time the victim of Consumption, and more than once had seemed to be just passing away. For a few days, however, he had seemed to be much better; and yielding to the flatteries of his disease, the most deceitful of its kind, had considered himself able to attend the exercises of that afternoon, which he was very anxious to do. The fatigue consequent upon such an exertion had, no doubt, nearly overpowered him; so that only a slight blow was necessary to shiver the golden bowl of existence—and when that sweet song was borne to his ear, reminding him of his own dear land, which he never again might behold, the shock was too much for his endurance—a blood-vessel was ruptured and he died!

I should not, of course, presume to make this last statement upon my own responsibility alone. I give it as the general opinion of the medical men (and they were many) who were present at the time—and to whom I should be happy to refer any modern Thomas who may be disposed to question the veracity of my statement.

The subject of this incident now sleeps near the sanctuary where his spirit was released; but who shall tell how tranquil is his repose, or picture the rapture of his flight as upon the wings of music he soars from earth and its quietudes, to Paradise and its eternal joys! [City Item.]

## Cattle Raising in Texas.

Mr. John Dunman, on the San Jacinto river, had in 1837 thirty-three head of cattle. His stock of cattle now numbers over three thousand head—all the increase of his original stock of thirty-three head. Out of this stock he has in the mean time, supported a large family and supplied himself with a good stock of horses, sheep, goats, &c. We challenge the world to beat this.—Texas Advocate

COL J. B. WELLER.—It appears that Col. Weller got into a little difficulty with Major Gray of the boundary commission, at San Diego. A collision took place between the parties, in the course of which Weller was shot in the leg; the hurt is said to be slight; Mr. Weller was not understood to be in any danger from it.

The talented lady editor of the Pittsburg Visitor has a baby. Presents of mugs, rattles, minsticks, and such like matters pour in upon her in great profusion. Mrs. S., says:—"Our baby" is a good baby, and we can hold her on one arm, and while she looks at the candle, scribble away with the other, faster than two types can convert it into sense and type.

## Treasury Receipts for 1849.

The actual receipts at the State Treasury from 1st Dec., 1848, to 1st Dec., 1849, on account of canal and railroad tolls, are \$1,628,560 13; from the same source the preceding year, \$1,550,555 03; showing an increase for the year 1848-49 over 47-48, of \$78,005 10.

Between 1820 and 1832, 605,097 new houses were built in Great Britain, the rental of which amounted to £13,665,364.

## Molasses in Fattening Hogs.

A writer in the Germanown Telegraph recommends the use of molasses in fattening Hogs. We copy his communication for the benefit of those who may wish to produce sugar cured bacon:

One of the best articles I have ever experimented with in fattening swine is molasses.—When it can be obtained for one shilling sixpence per gallon, it is cheaper than corn at the lowest price at which that grain is ever likely to be offered in any market out of the slave-growing states. By mixing saccharine matter with corn or barley mush, I can fatten my hogs in one-half the time which is consumed by my neighbors, who turn up their noses with ineffable and undisguised contempt at my "ultra book-farming fancies"—wise Solons of the sod—in fleshing not fattening their's. Has it never occurred to you that the omnivorous quadruped, nomenclated the hog, (sus scropa) by learned naturalists, hath an appetite very peculiar? He likes greatly either food that abounds in saccharine matter, or in acids. He will fatten on meal sweetened; or meal acidified, and I am at a loss to decide on which the more rapidly. I find that apples boiled and permitted to stand awhile, are eaten voraciously by this worthy animal, abhorred of the Jews, and that he is fattened on them nearly or quite as rapidly as on meal or corn. I some years since slaughtered a hog weighing five hundred pounds after being dressed, which for seven weeks before he was killed, ate nothing but apples.—They were the refuse of my crop, and being deposited, in the harvest season, in an open chamber had become thoroughly frozen. This process of freezing, although it is in some measure qualified, did not, by any means effectually neutralize the acidity, as the cooked apples when presented to the hog were quite sour. They were eaten with avidity, and the animal retained his health and bodily vigor surprisingly, till brought to the tub. Thinking, first before killing him, that a corn keep would tend to solidify the pork, I procured meal and had an allowance of dough presented; but, wonderfully, he refused it with contempt.—This he did for two days, when, fearing that he could not be induced to partake of it—of which indeed there was no prospect, the old food was restored, and on this he was kept during his life. Finer or sweeter pork I never ate. I have also fattened swine on saccharine food, with equal facility.

## Church Statistics.

The Family Christian Almanac gives the following numbers to the respective Churches for 1849:—

Presbyterian, (Old School)	179,453
Presbyterian, (New School)	155,000
Associate Presbyterian,	18,800
Associate Reformed,	26,340
Presbyterian, Cumberland,	50,000
Presbyterian, others,	44,000
Reformed Dutch,	32,840
German Reformed,	69,750

Total 576,183  
If to these we add Congregationalists, as there given, 193,093

We have the whole amount, 769,276

In the same Almanac, the numbers of the membership in the Baptist Churches are given as follows:

Baptists, regular,	664,566
Baptists, anti-mission,	67,340
Baptists, free-will,	63,372
Baptists, others,	18,643

Total Baptists, 813,921

Again; the membership of the different Methodist Churches is thus reported:

Methodist Episcopal,	649,420
Methodist Episcopal South,	455,217
Methodist Protestant and others,	83,000

Total Methodists, 1,178,637

## Fighting on Equal Terms.

I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor and attainments. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, Sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Colonel D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gun to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the Judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg!"

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.

"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can."

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than fill a coffin!"

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

It is contemplated to hold an Anti Slavery World's Convention in New York city next summer, and many delegates are expected to be present from England, France, Holland, Italy, Switzerland, and the West Indies.

## Colleges in the U. States.

The National Intelligencer states that there are in the U. States one hundred and nineteen colleges. The aggregate number of volumes in their libraries is 642,328. In the library of Harvard University there are 74,000 volumes.